

HOW UNCLE SAM TEACHES HIS BOYS TO BECOME SAILORS.

His Great Training Schools Where He Educates Every American Lad Who Wishes It, Gives Him Clothing and Food, Sends Him on Cruises and Pays Him While He Is Doing It.

NO. IV.

Away on the Training Ship.

By H. IRVING KING.

SAILING away on a training ship with two or three hundred other boys is fun for the naval apprentice; he is about to see the big, round world for which he has longed. And it is work, too, for all the time he is kept busy learning things pertaining to his profession.

In summer the training ships loaf about the coast of the United States, and in winter they make a cruise in the West Indies, if they are on the Atlantic coast; on the Pacific they spend the winter months in visiting Southern California, Mexico, or possibly the Hawaiian Islands. There are old and experienced sailors on board who set the boys an example of how to do things right, and whom the apprentices assist in working the ship. Seamanship in all its branches, gunnery, signalling, something of steam engineering and electrical engineering, infantry drill and ship's duties, keep the boys busy.

At early daylight the boys tumble out of their hammocks to the shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle, and are sent scampering up the rigging and over the mainmast to timber them up for the day's work.

It is a race to see who will be over the mainmast first, and the laggards are jeered by their companions.

Down on the deck the men are washing

down with the hose, and, throwing off their clothing, the boys jump in under the streams of water and get a good shower bath, dancing about like a lot of young savages. After this they dress themselves and the regular routine of the ship's day begins.

Every day, when practicable, the boys go in swimming from the ship, and every day, when the ship is in port, there is setting-up drill at evening quarters—this setting-up drill being a sort of military gymnastics, intended to make the sailor carry himself in a proper manner and not slouch.

Once a month the ship's surgeon gives the crew a lecture on how to keep healthy. The cruises to the West Indies in the spring and to the Eastern boys, gliding from the cold of the Northern winter of the Caribbean Sea, where the trade winds blow steady and the waves sparkle over coral reefs and wash the shores of islands, which look like the painted scenes in a theatre more than like real land.

Bright skies, shining seas, palms, mountains, lofty crags, cities with bright-colored roofs, winds heavy with tropical odors, "far-off" isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea, are unrolled before the apprentice in one continuous panorama.

When they go ashore a thousand new sights—"new fruits, new smells, new air," and strange and curious people—greet them. In every part the boys get shore liberty, and are allowed a certain amount of spending money. Many are the curious things they buy as presents for their parents and friends at home, and the letters of an apprentice boy during his first cruise

to the West Indies are mighty interesting reading.

There is a chaplain on each training ship, and when the ship happens to be at sea on a Sunday religious services are held on board. When she is in port the boys are landed and marched to church. Both at the training school and while on a cruise, if the vessel is in port, Catholic boys are allowed to attend their own church.

Barbadoes is generally the first island at which the training ship stops, and here the boys go ashore for their introduction to tropical life. Then Port of Spain is visited, and then St. Lucia, where the British have their great coaling station; then come Martinique, where the volcano, Mount Pelée, wiped out a city not long ago; St. Kitts, clean, cool, healthy and picturesque; Santa Cruz, a garden island of sugar cane and orange groves; St. Thomas, with its mountains and wonderful harbor, its ruined pirate castles and groves of guava—the place where they make bay rum.

Then it is away over the dancing, glittering waves to San Juan, Porto Rico, the capital of our new West Indian possessions, and from there, straight south, across the Caribbean, to La Guayra, on the coast of Venezuela, and to the little, quaint Dutch island of Curacao.

Turning north again, the training ship steers for Kingston, Jamaica, passing into the harbor by Port Royal, the great part of which place suddenly sank beneath the sea one day when it was a pirates' stronghold.

Guantanamo Bay, on the Cuban coast, will also probably be visited, and the city of Havana.

When the clustering palms of Key West

are seen rising above the water, and the ship slides over those clear waters, where you can look far down for many a fathom and see the coral flow of the ocean and fish swimming about, the boy knows that he is in the United States once more, though everything about him is still tropical and the end of his cruise is not yet.

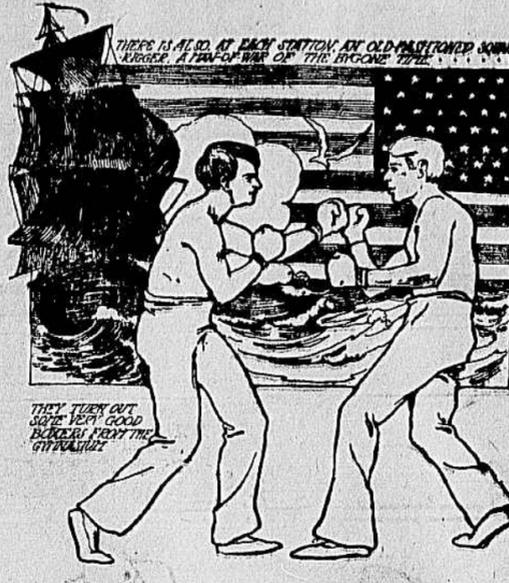
The boys who sail out from San Francisco may voyage to the curious Mexican ports, where everything is as tropical and strange as it is in the West Indies; or over the long, rolling swells of the Pacific, and view the volcanoes and all the wonders of Hawaii.

They fare pretty well on these cruises. Here is a bill of fare taken at random: For breakfast, beef stew, fresh bread, oranges and coffee; for dinner, roast beef, sweet potatoes, green peas, fresh bread, and coffee; for supper, meat balls, fresh bread, oranges and tea.

There is a different bill of fare every day, and one is as good as another. Not infrequently plum pudding appears on the list, and all sailors love "plum duff."

On these cruises a boy is not only taught to do many things, but he is made to learn the reason for doing them. He is not only taught to fire a gun with the greatest accuracy, but he is taught the "when" and "why," as well as the "how" of firing.

An apprentice boy in the United States navy knows things about which in foreign navies the enlisted man never thinks, leaving all that sort of knowledge to his officers. For instance, no enlisted man in any foreign navy would be expected to answer



the following questions, which an apprentice boy in Uncle Sam's navy has to answer: "When is it desirable to use shrapnel? When common shell? What are the advantages of smokeless powder?"

The beginning of spring finds the training ships back in home waters—the Pacific ships back in San Francisco harbor and the Atlantic ships in Gardiner's Bay at the eastern end of Long Island. All the apprentices on board are now promoted to be second-class apprentices, and get ten days' leave to visit their homes.

If the boy was a hero when he visited home after his course at the training station, he is much more of a hero now that he has tales to tell of strange countries and cruises from those countries to distribute among his friends and relations.

When the ten days are up the boy reports on board a receiving ship at a navy-yard where a draft of boys is preparing for some seagoing cruiser or battleship; or he is ordered to report directly on board such a ship, and for the rest of his active life he is done with training schools and training ships, and forms a part of the crew of a regular man-of-war.

He will now see more of the world than was possible on his practice cruise, for the ship to which he is assigned to may be going to China and Japan, the Philippines or South America, or perhaps to cruise about the Mediterranean and the shores of Western Europe.

He has entered upon the third stage of his progress toward being one of Uncle Sam's finest, and it will not be long before he is an apprentice of the first-class and a petty officer.

TALE OF THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF HIM. By Billy Burgundy. (Copyrighted, 1908.)

Once upon a time there was a certain creature who knew enough to make a typewriter net her eight plunks per down at the real estate office of Billson & Co.

Her card read "Miss Florence Fagin." To those who knew her better she was just plain Floss.

A bunch of palm-reading gypsies happened to be doing the town when the stork arrived with Floss, so naturally she had considerable romance scattered through her system.

The fact is, Floss could close her eyes when her head wasn't aching, and see fond lovers sitting in the moonlight mid moss-covered rocks and vine-draped trees just as plain as day.

Sometimes she could even hear the murmurings of hidden brooks, the carol of the Katy-dids and breathe the woodland spice.

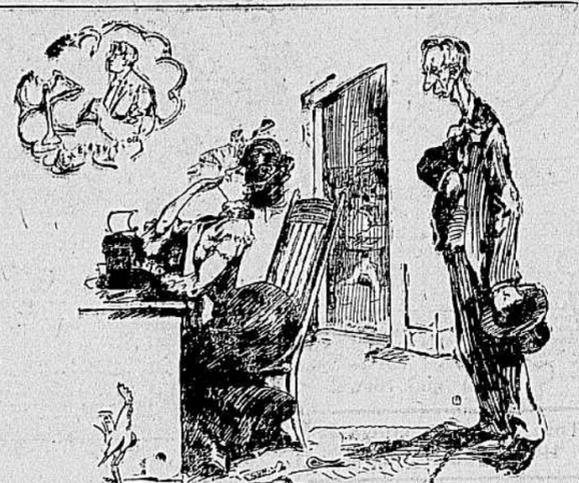
And what is even worse, she was a member of one of those Circulating Libraries.

Every evening, after helping her mother clear the table and put the dishes away, Floss would get into her kimono, stretch out on the white enameled bed and assimilate a few chapters of fresh fiction.

Floss was a very speedy peruser and generally got through with The Six Best Sellers in time to get a glance at a few of the good ones. But she was partial to the kind that bloom with Syrup of Parsaparilla and fade and die before frost, because they are more talked about and are so apt to be dramatized.

Floss was a girl of great feeling. Sometimes she would feel so bad after reading romance all night that she simply could not fix her mind on her work. At other times she'd feel so sorry for a character she was reading about she would almost cry her eyes out.

Whenever she got tangled up in one of her spells of sympathy she'd sob until she ran out of tears. Then she would go back to the book and read to where Harold sees that it is better to be on the level, and marry the girl who placed her



Floss came back from lunch and sat before her machine, dreaming. "FLOSS CAME BACK FROM LUNCH AND SAT BEFORE HER MACHINE, DREAMING."

of the commencing chapter. Floss was breathing deep and slow, and would have given anything on earth for just one look at Mr. Guy Holbrooke Livingston.

By-and-by she got to where Cecelia strolled down the garden, under the wing of night, to meet Othello. Everything was as still as death, save the confiden-

tial whisperings of nature. Othello, awaiting Cecelia over at the ancient grist mill, which stood behind the weeping willow, was not wise to her coming by Mrs. Guy Holbrooke Livingston and live in a stately mansion. Who could tell? She thought of him dally and loved him dearly. Even though she had not met

her nickel-plated Waterbury speak twice and recalled that she had a busy day before her.

She put the book aside, turned out the gas, rolled over and tried to go to sleep. No sleep.

Floss counted 60. She thought of Guy Holbrooke Livingston. The clock struck three.

No sleep. Floss went through the alphabet both ways. She still thought of Guy Holbrooke Livingston. The clock struck four.

No sleep.

Floss took a dose of Bromide. She thought of Guy Holbrooke Livingston. The clock struck five.

Floss talked in her sleep. That day she was late showing up at the office and had a terrible time reading her notes. She also sent several letters to the postoffice in the wrong envelopes.

Floss was stung. That night after supper she went straight to bed, closed her eyes and began to see things. Somewhere in the distance she saw a man of fine physique, with soft gray eyes and wavy black hair, in velvet house jacket and Faust slippers, writing at a rosewood desk by the soft light of a student's lamp.

It was Guy Holbrooke Livingston, the author.

Floss recalled that this world is a small affair saturated with strange occurrences, that lots of folk believe in mental telepathy; and that many a great man has married an eight-dollar-a-week-stenographer. May be she would some day be Mrs. Guy Holbrooke Livingston and live in a stately mansion. Who could tell? She thought of him dally and loved him dearly. Even though she had not met

him, there was no telling but what she would, and marry him even though he insisted upon a home wedding, although she would much prefer one at Grace Church.

After arranging everything (in her mind) except a few post-nuptial details, Floss went to sleep.

As time went on, she hammered the typewriter from 9 to 5 and thought of Guy Holbrooke Livingston from sunset to cock's crow.

He had her clinched, but he didn't know it.

One day Floss came back from lunch and sat before her machine dreaming as one is apt to do after eating a quick-lunch sandwich. She was not dreaming of home-cooked roast with new vegetables and real coffee, though. No, indeed. She was dreaming of one Guy Holbrooke Livingston.

Before she could finish playing her hand out, the door was opened and a sad, shriveled looking specimen who had his 100 pounds of skin and bones draped in a much-to-the-bad hand-me-down entered. The homely visitor removed his weather-beaten deer from his 3-4 storage battery, and meekly asked Floss if Mr. Billson was in. Floss rising him up as a panhandler, gave him a rude "yes," and asked with stinging sarcasm if he had a card. He had. Floss took it and went into the private office of her boss. As she handed the card to Mr. Billson she read it and fell in a faint.

When she came to she learned from Mr. Billson that Guy Holbrooke Livingston had gone for a doctor.

Moral: The sweeter the dream the sadder the awakening.

JUSTICE.

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

An image of that invisible and incorruptible Justice, which we vainly sought in the sky or the universe, reposes in the depths of the moral life of every man.

And though its method of action he such as to cause it to pass unperceived of most of our fellows, often indeed of our own consciousness though all that it does be hidden and intangible, it is none the less profoundly human and profoundly real.

It would seem to hear, to examine, all that we say, and think, and strive for, in our exterior life; and if it find a little sincerity beneath, a little earnest desire for good, it will transform these into moral forces that shall extend and illumine our inner life; and help us to better thoughts, to better speech and endeavor, in the time to come.

It will not add to, or take from, our wealth, it will bring no immunity from disease or from lightning, it will not prolong by one hour the life of the being we cherish; but if we have learned to reflect and to love; if, in other words, heart and brain have both done their duty, it will establish in heart and brain a contentment that, though perhaps stripped of illusion, shall still be inexhaustible and noble; it will confer a dignity of existence an intelligence, that shall suffice to sustain our life after the loss of our

wealth, after the stroke of disease or lightning has fallen, after the loved one has forever quitted our arms.

A good thought or deed brings a reward to our heart that it cannot, in the absence of a universal Judge of nature, extend to the things around it; endeavor to create within us the happiness it is unable to produce in our material life. Denied all external outlet, it fills our soul the more. It prepares the space that soon shall be required by our developing intellect, our expanding peace and love. Helpless against the laws of nature, it is all-powerful over those that govern the happy equilibrium of human consciousness. And that is true of every stage of thought, of every class of action.

A vast distance might seem to divide the laborer, who brings up his children honorably, lives his humble life and honorably does the work that falls to his lot, from the man who steadfastly perseveres in moral heroism; but each of these is acting and living on the same plane as the other, and the same loyal, consoling region receives them both. And though it be certain that what we say and do must largely influence our material happiness, yet, in ultimate analysis, it is only by means of the spiritual organs that even material happiness can be fully, and permanently enjoyed.

Hence the preponderant importance of thought. But of supreme importance, from the point of view of the reception of shall gifts to the joys and sorrows of life, is the character, the frame of mind, the moral condition, that the things we have said, and done, and thought, will have created within us.

Here there is evidence of admirable justice; and the intimate happiness that our moral being derives from the constant striving of the mind and heart for good becomes the more comprehensible when we realize that this happiness is only the surface of the goodly thought, or feeling, that is shining within our heart.

Here may we indeed find that intelligent moral bond between cause and effect that we have vainly sought in the external



CHERRIES RIPE. Nannie Peck.

trust in him. But as soon as Floss sat-tened herself that Bekie Harold was safely planted within the corporate limits of wedlock she would close the novel, heave a sigh of satisfaction and pass into the land of Nod.

My! But she was impressionable.

One evening Floss found upon reaching home a new one from the Circulating Library. It was one of those love stories of a by-gone period. Guy Holbrooke Livingston was to blame for it. Floss had never heard of Guy Holbrooke Livingston; which is another way of saying it was Guy's first offense. Floss rushed through the concluding feed of the day, removed her long-hip-model, straight-front, scratched her sides, put on her kimono and began to try-out what was alleged to be "the book of the season."

Before she had covered the first half

OUR MOTHER GOOSE PAINT BOOK CONTEST.



In this series of "Mother Goose" picture painting contests, three prizes will be awarded each week, and each will consist of a copy of the "Mother Goose Paint Book," 48 pictures and 48 pages of verse, making a book of about 100 pages, with paint brush and five cakes of paint attached to the cover. The three pictures that are most neatly and most appropriately colored will be selected each week for prizes.

RULES—Cut out the picture, leaving the coupon attached, and color the picture as neatly and artistically as you can.

Write your name, age and address in the blanks on the coupon left for the purpose.

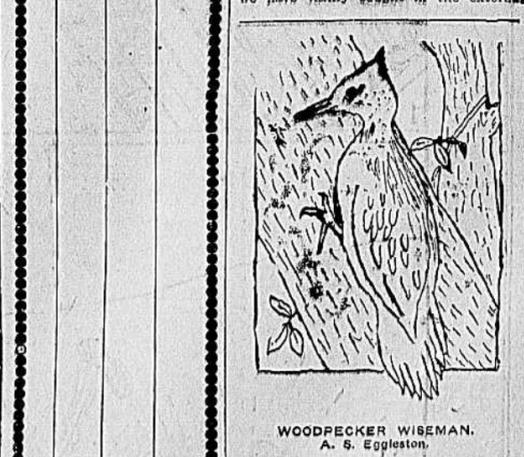
All pictures intended for competition must be in The Times-Dispatch office not later than Saturday at 6 P. M.

The pictures look better if mounted on stiff paper or cardboard, but mounting is not required.

The award will be made a week from next Sunday.

Address EDITOR CHILDREN'S PAGE, TIMES-DISPATCH, RICHMOND, VA.

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WOODPECKER WISEMAN. A. S. Eggleston.

world; here, in moral matters, renouncing over the good and evil that are warring in the depths of our consciousness, may we in truth discover a Justice exactly similar to the one which we could desire to recognize in physical matters.

But whence do we derive this desire if not from the Justice within us, and is it not because this Justice is so mighty and active in our heart that we are reluctant to believe in its non-existence in the universe?

General Sherman's Friend.

Upon a certain occasion General Sherman was the guest of honor at a banquet, after which a reception was held. Among the line of people who filed in and out to shake hands with the great war hero General Sherman perceived a face that was very familiar, but which he could not place.

"Who are you?" he asked in an apologetic aside, as he welcomed the guest heartily.

"The man blushed and murmured behind a deprecatory hand:

"Made your shirt, sir."

"Ah, of course," exclaimed the general, turning to the receiving general behind him. "Generals allow me to present Major Sherman's Friend Lippitt, Galt."